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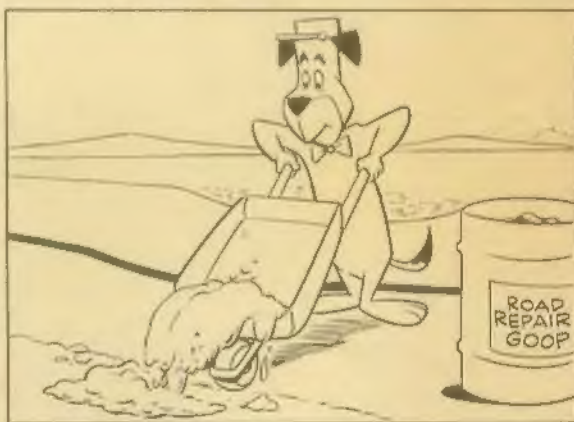
Huckleberry Hound



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Huckleberry Hound

FIXER-UPPER



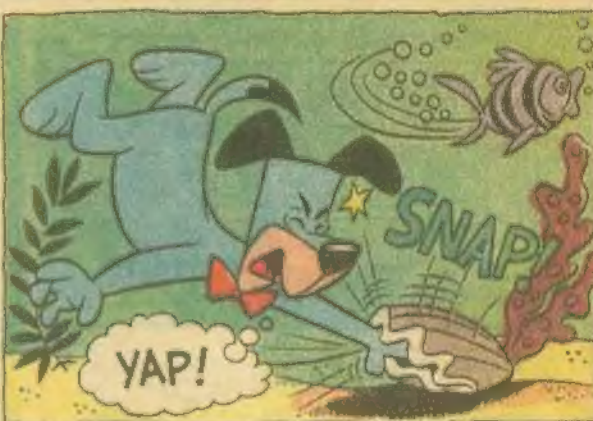
Huckleberry Hound TREASURE TRACKER



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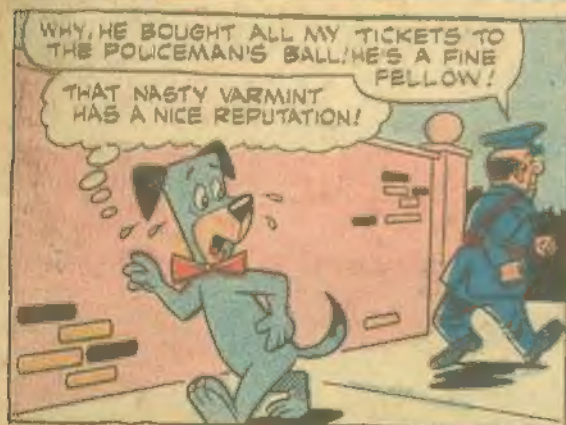
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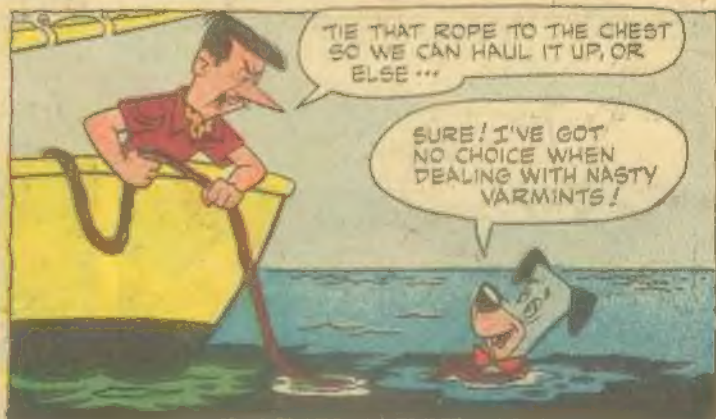


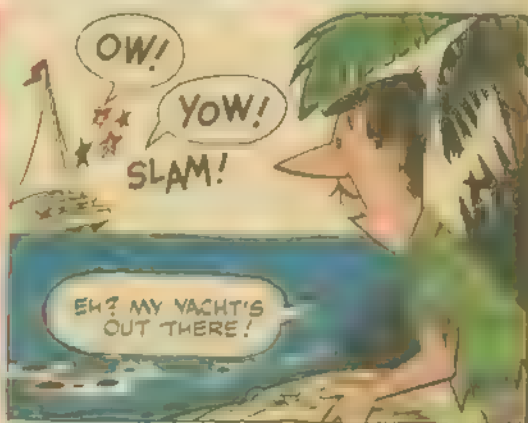


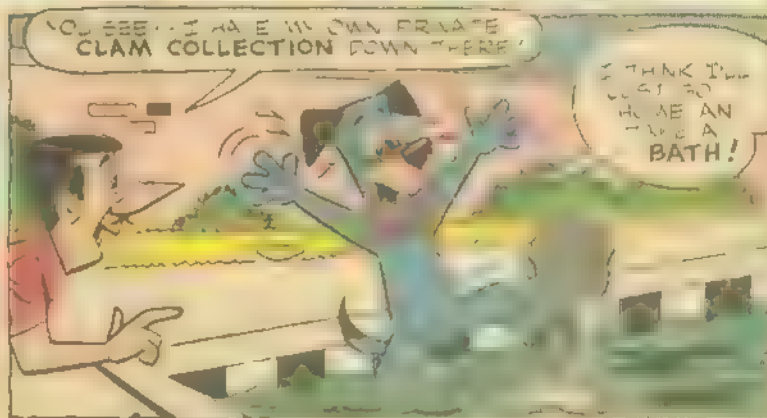
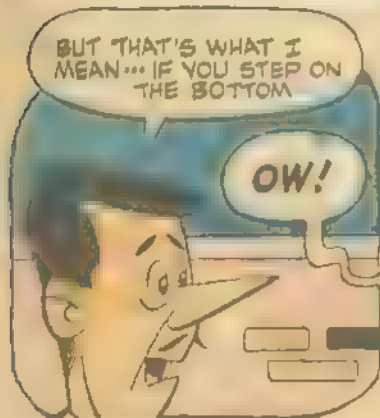
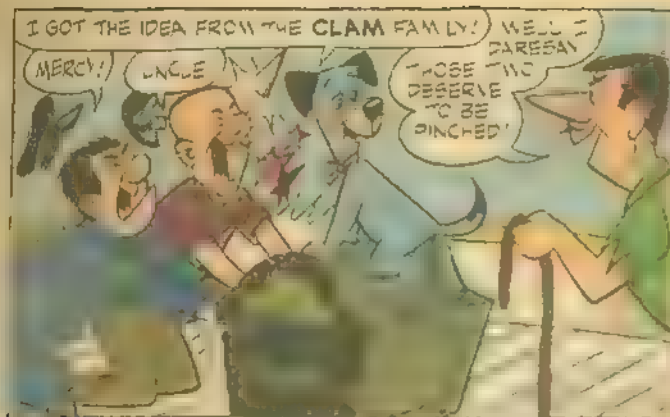




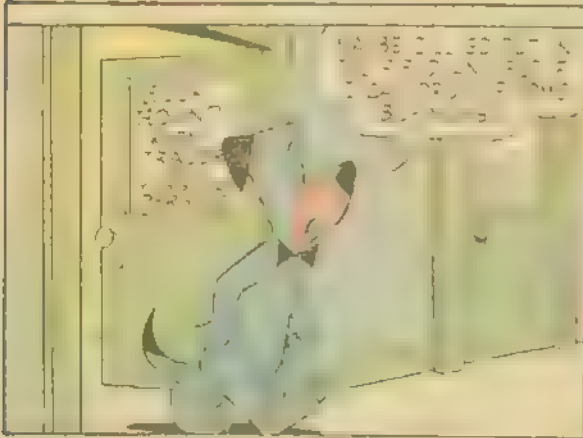


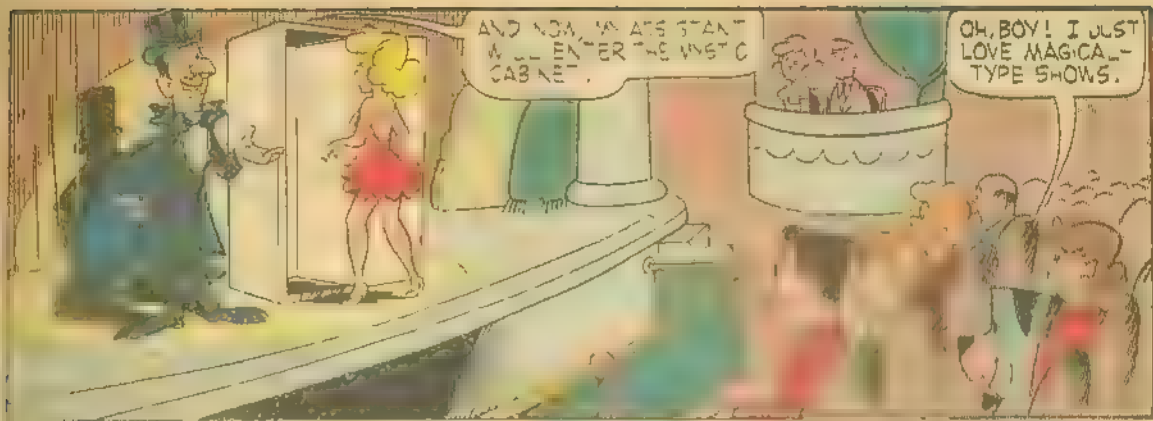






Huckleberry Hound THE TENACIOUS TRACER





AND NOW, WE ATTEMPT A CABINET

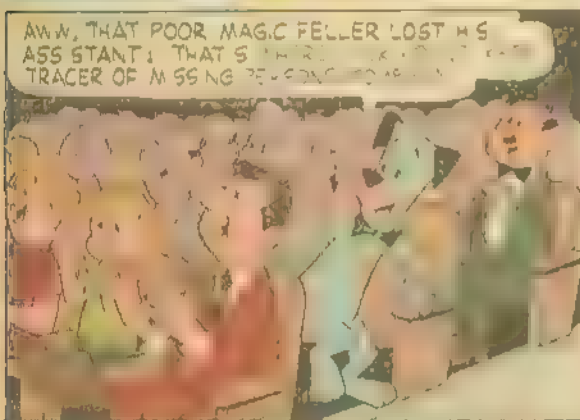
OH, BOY! I JUST LOVE MAGICAL-TYPE SHOWS.



NOW I SAY THE MAGIC WORDS. TAKE A LALA PALOOSA NASTY AND PRESTO!



CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!



AWW, THAT POOR MAGIC FELLER LOST HIS ASS STANT! THAT'S THE TRACER OF MISSING PERSONS!



DON'T WORRY, I GOT A

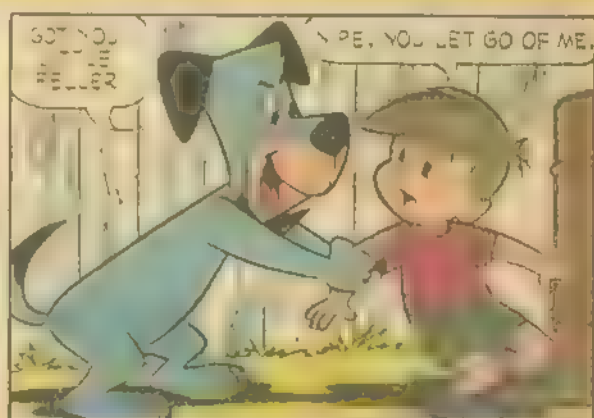
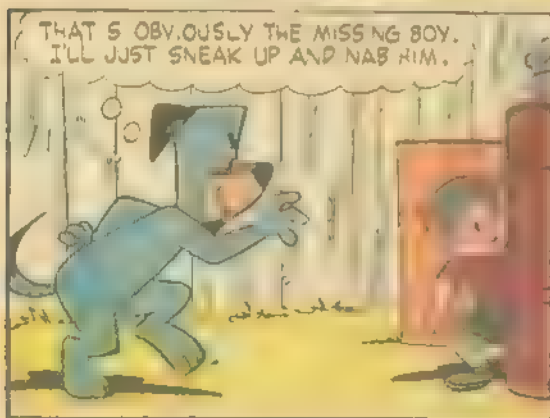
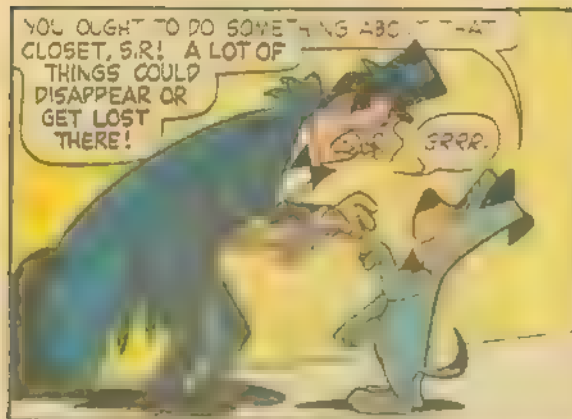


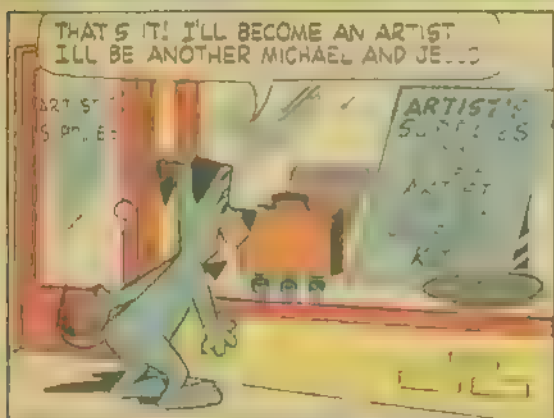
HA!
HA!



WELL, I'LL BE HORNSWOGGLED! SHE'S RIGHT THERE BEHIND THAT FALSE PANEL!

HA!
HA!
HA!



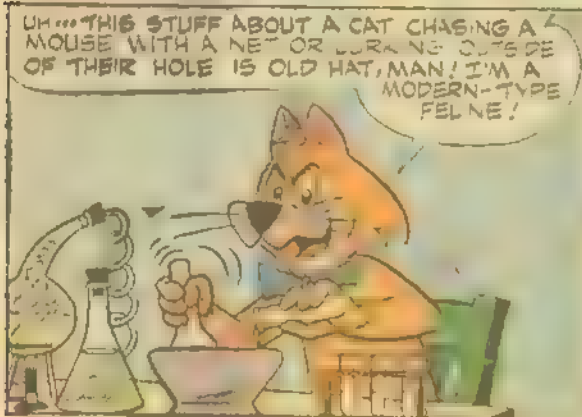


PIXIE, DIXIE ^{and} MR. JINKS GENIUS AT WORK



(ULP!) I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THINGS, DIXIE! JINKS HAS BEEN HUNCHED OVER THAT TABLE FOR HOURS!

WE BETTER SEE WHAT'S BREWING IN HIS BRAIN!



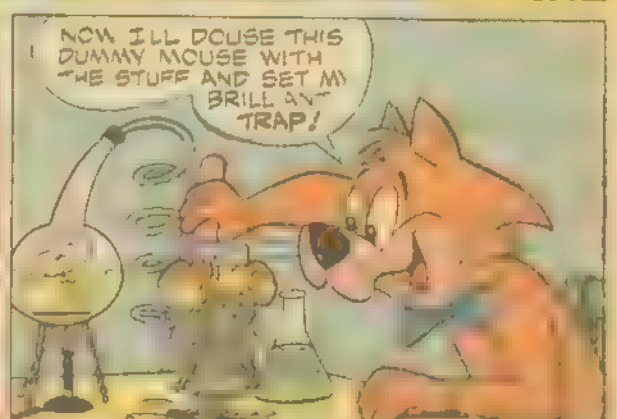
UH...THIS STUFF ABOUT A CAT CHASING A MOUSE WITH A NET OR LURKING OUTSIDE OF THEIR HOLE IS OLD HAT, MAN! I'M A MODERN-TYPE FELINE!



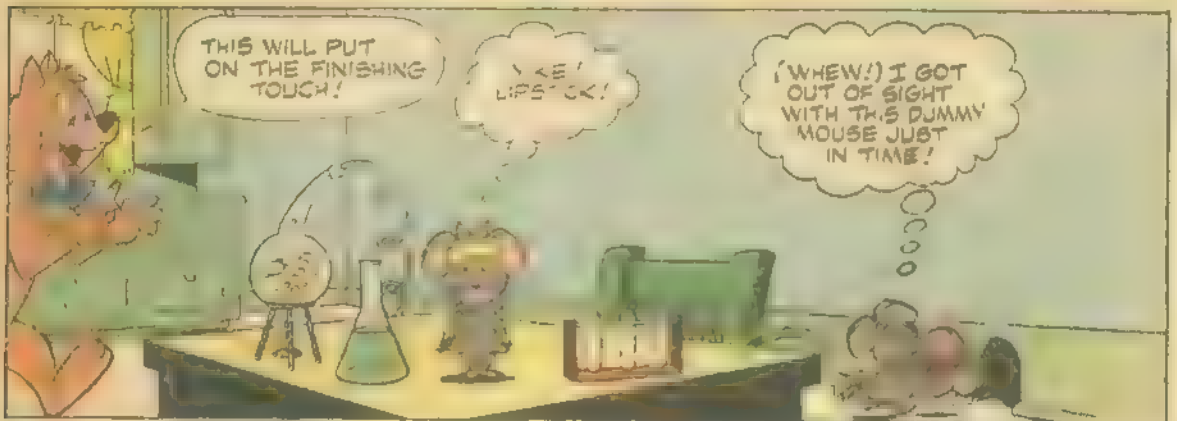
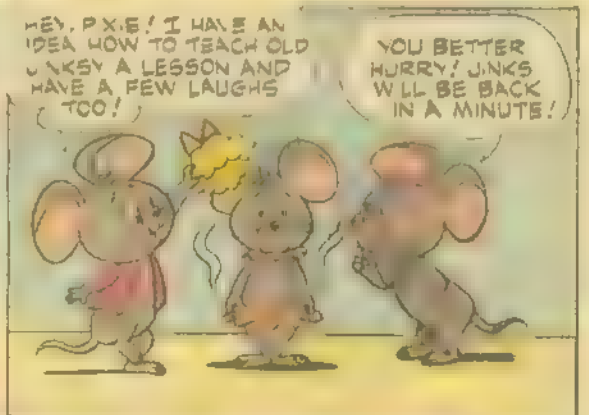
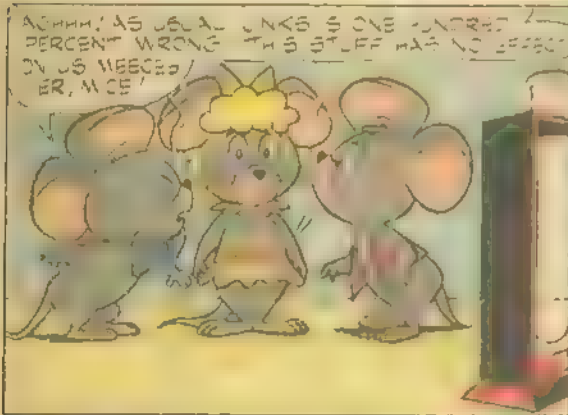
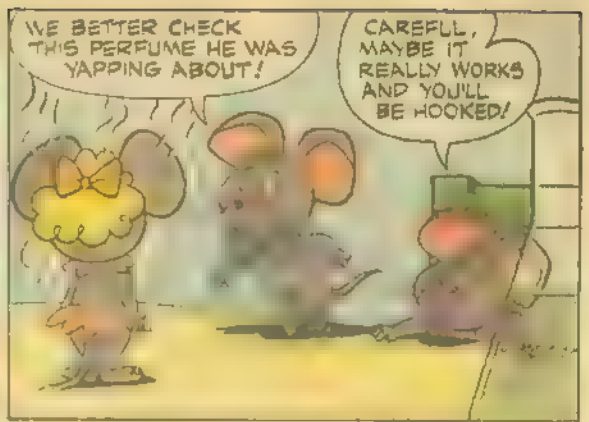
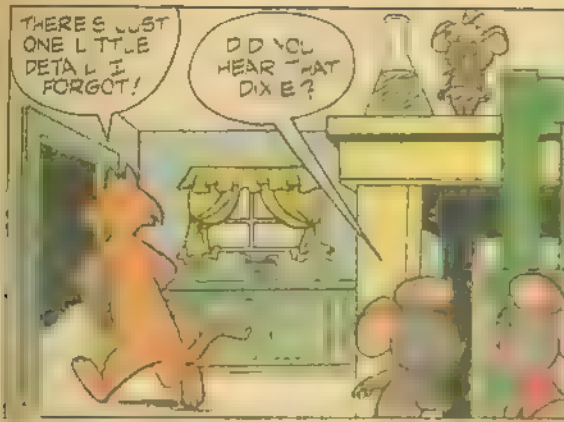
I'M GONNA USE CHEMICAL WARFARE! HUH! WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH THIS TYPE MOUSETRAP, THE WORLD WILL BEAT A PATH TO MY DOOR TO ACCA HUH!

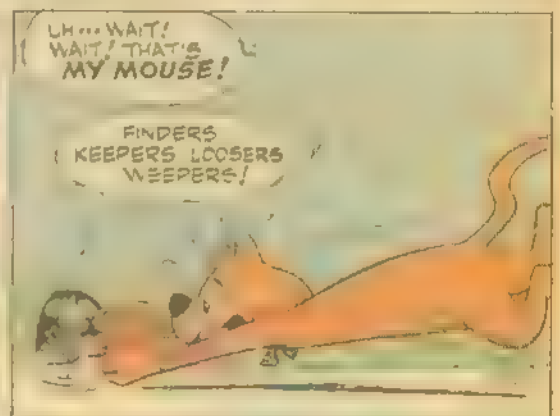
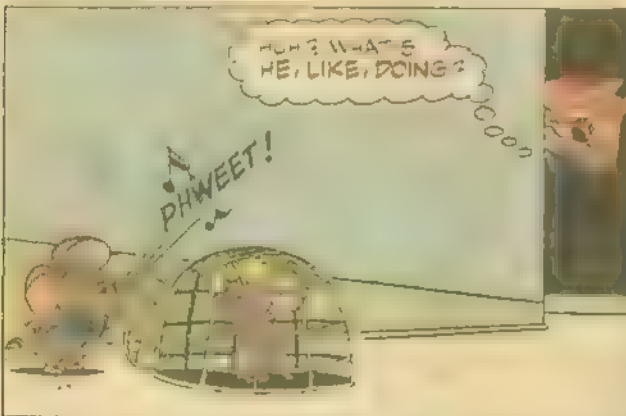
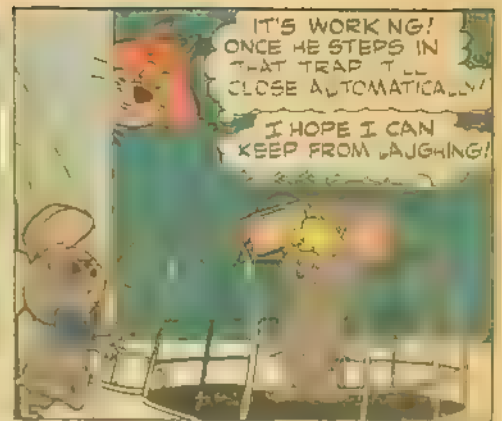
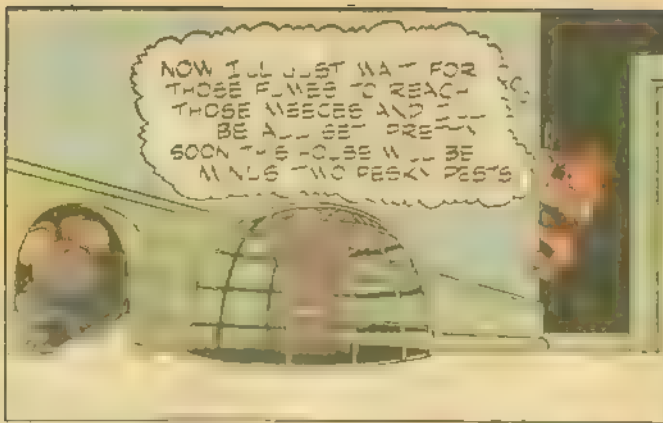


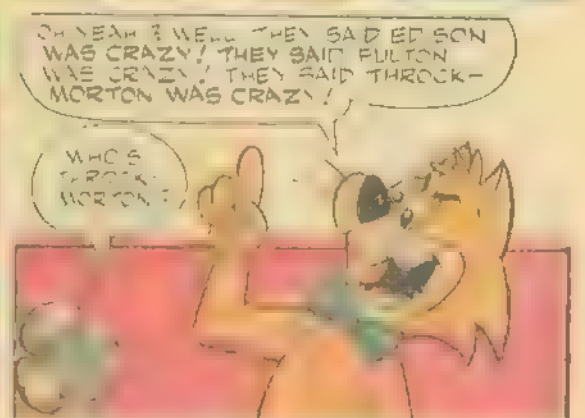
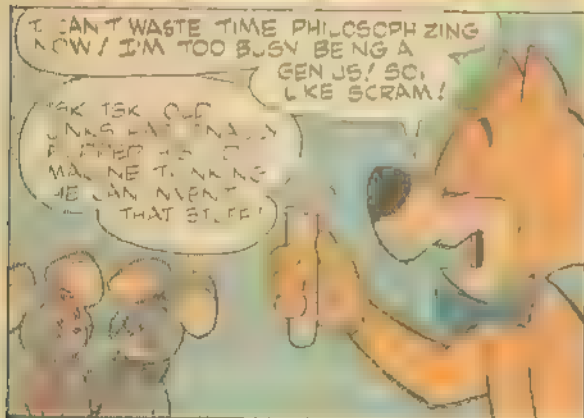
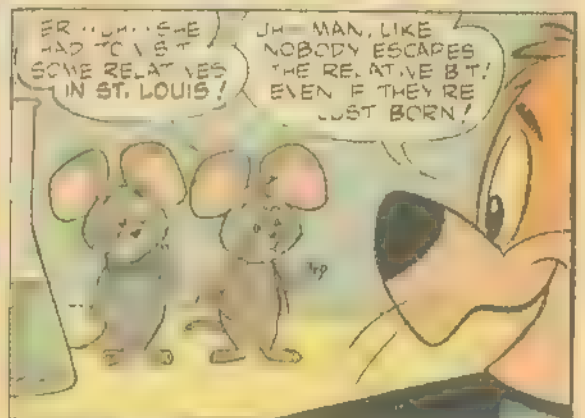
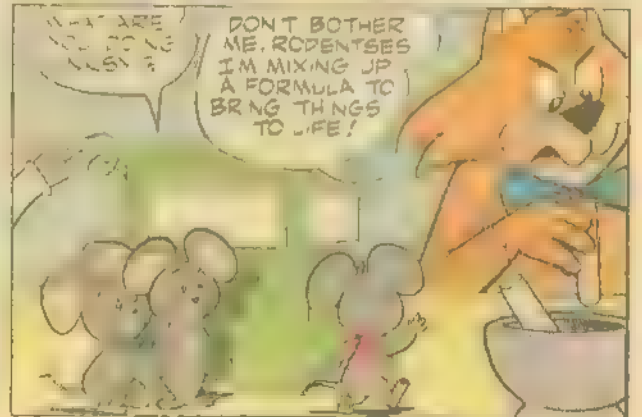
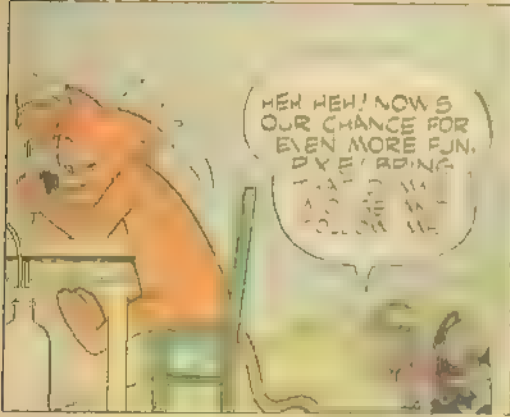
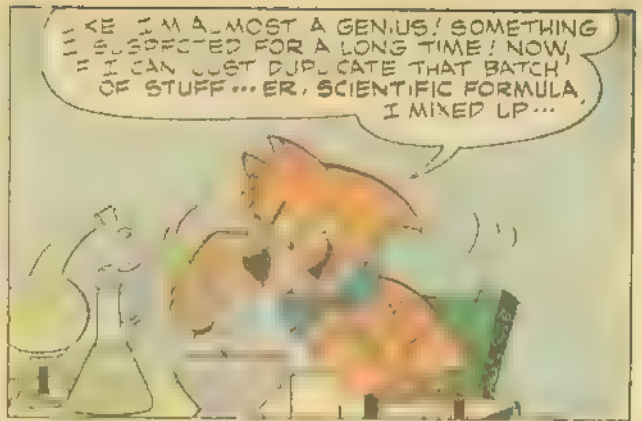
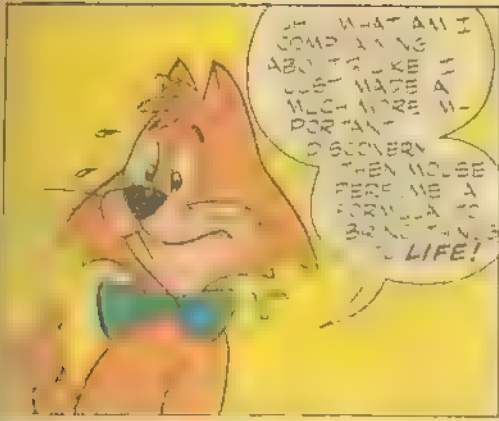
HOORAY... AND SIMILAR EXPRESSIONS DENOTING JOY! THIS IS IT! A PERFUME THAT WILL BE, LIKE, IRRESISTIBLE TO MEECES!

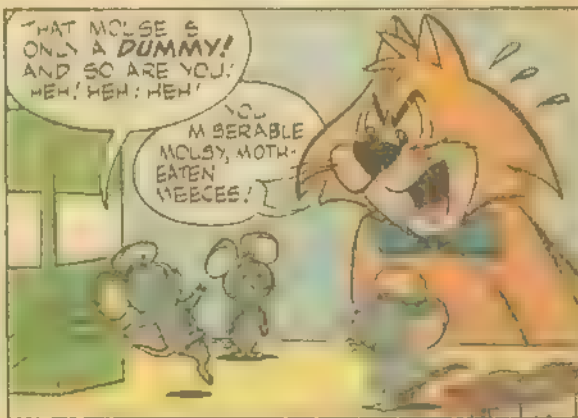
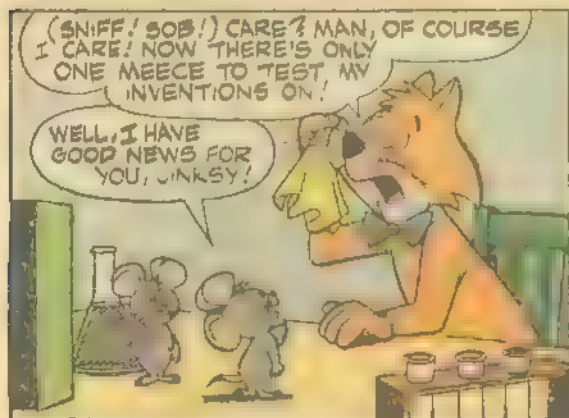
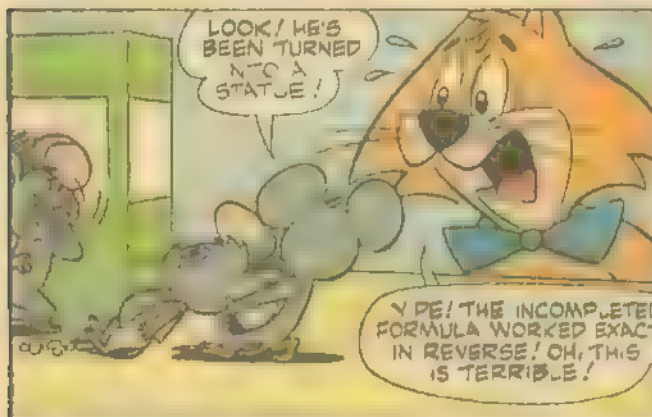
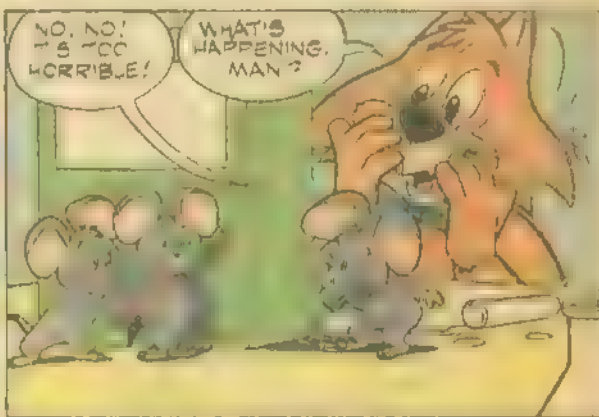
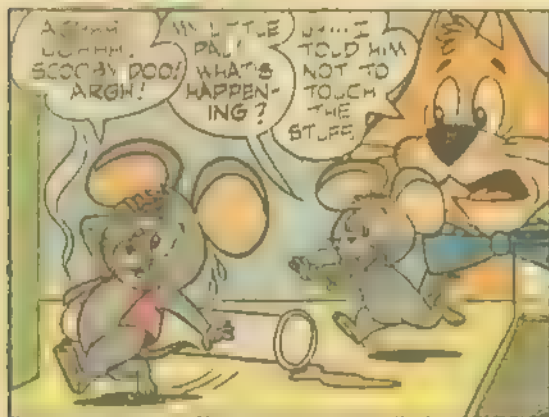
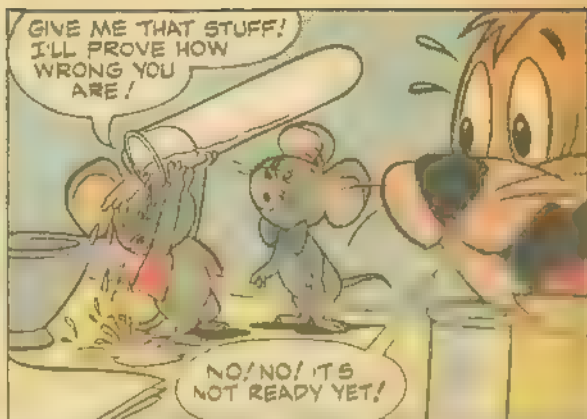
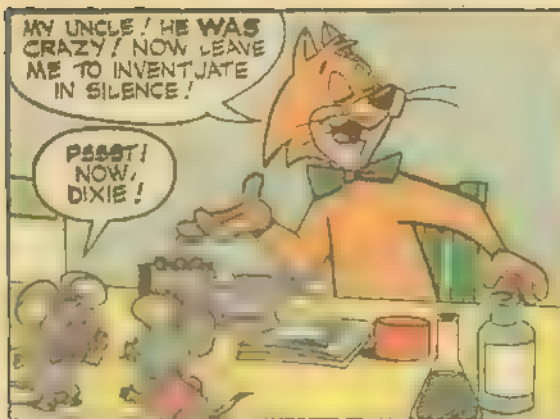


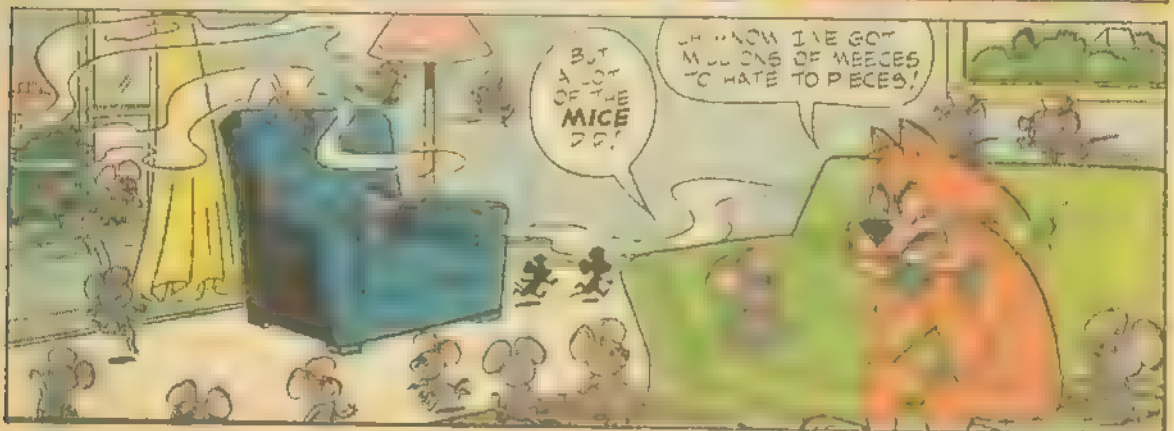
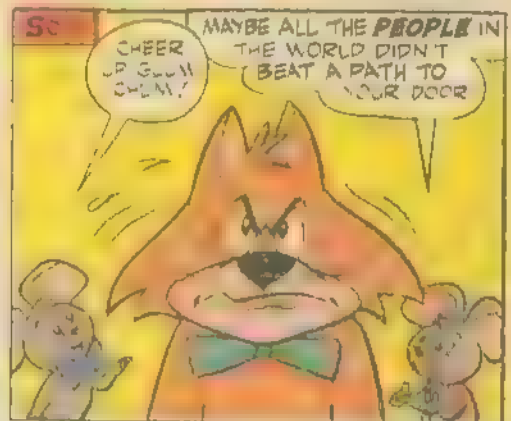
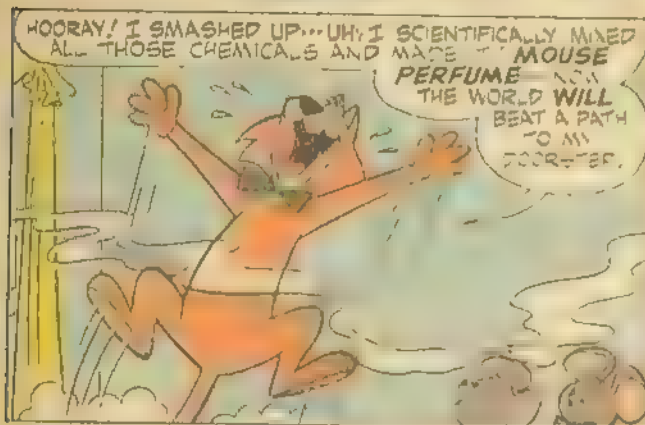
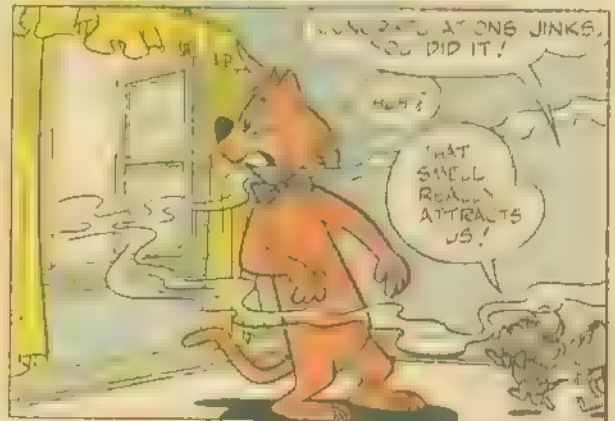
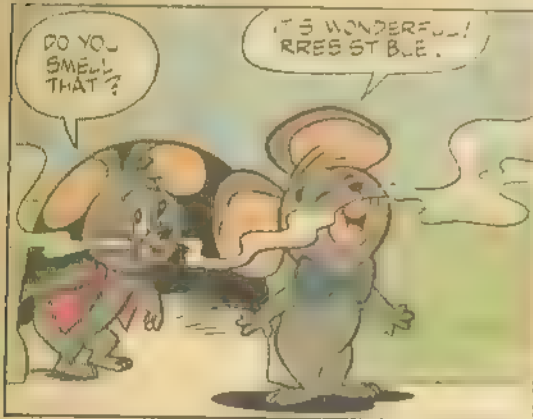
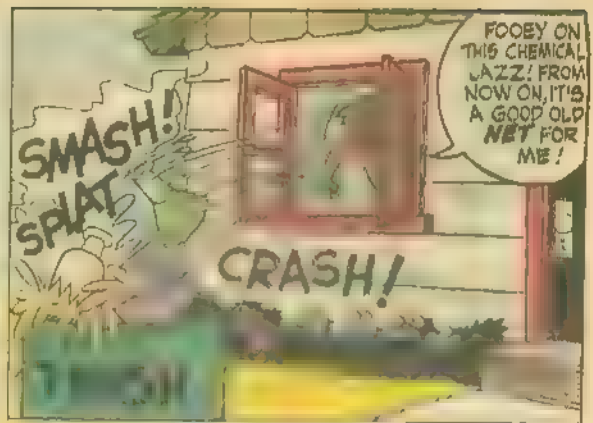
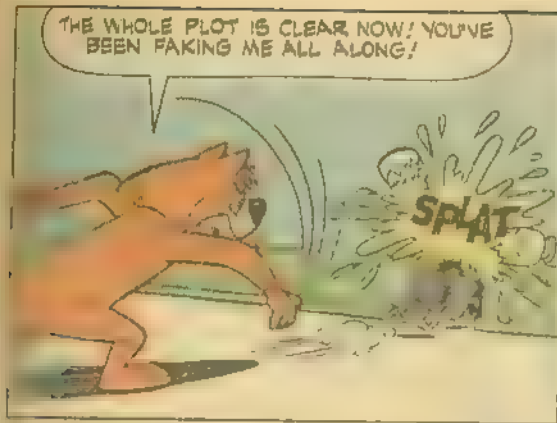
NOW I'LL DOUSE THIS DUMMY MOUSE WITH THE STUFF AND SET MY BRILLIANT TRAP!













Packy, the forgetful little elephant, and his friend, Gussie Gazelle, were playing hide-and-seek near the edge of the jungle, when, suddenly, they heard the roar of a hungry hunting lion.

Gussie bounded away with a cry of alarm. "Come on, Packy," she called. "He's caught our scent! We're not safe here!"

Packy hurried along behind his fleeing friend, and when they had traveled some distance and stopped to rest for a moment, he snorted annoyingly at himself.

"What am I running for? I'm not afraid of lions; they don't attack elephants! One has never tried to attack me!"

"Really?" Gussie gasped with surprise. "I can hardly believe that, Packy... after all, you have such a poor memory that you have probably just forgotten that they have tried to attack you before."

"Oh, no," Packy defended himself, "never! But, speaking of my memory, there is something I'm supposed to remember about lions... but I can't recall what it is just now."

Just then, the playmates heard the lion roar again, as it stalked along the trail.

"Oh, dear, he hasn't given up," Gussie gasped.

She darted away, but in her fear she leaped thoughtlessly right into a thick bramble bush. The stout entanglement held her fast.

Packy rushed forward, butting his way into the center of the bush.

"Don't panic, Gussie," he called. "I'll trample the bush down so you can escape."

Just as it seemed that Packy was making headway, the lion roared again, sounding much closer than before.

"I've flattened it down enough so you can wiggle out if you use a little more effort,"

Packy panted. "In the meantime, I'll run off the side of the trail and make a lot of noise, so the lion will think we took a different direction. Even if he catches up with me, I won't be afraid, because I know he won't attack me. I'll join you later down by the river, Gussie!"

As he darted away, the little pachyderm trumpeted to attract the lion's attention. Within a moment, Packy heard the great beast pursuing him.

"It worked!" Packy congratulated himself, as he ran between huge bushes in a thorn grove. He darted a glance over his shoulder and saw that the lion was close on his heels.

"Whee-oo!" he exclaimed with alarm. "The lion is charging me, after all, even though he can see that I am all alone!"

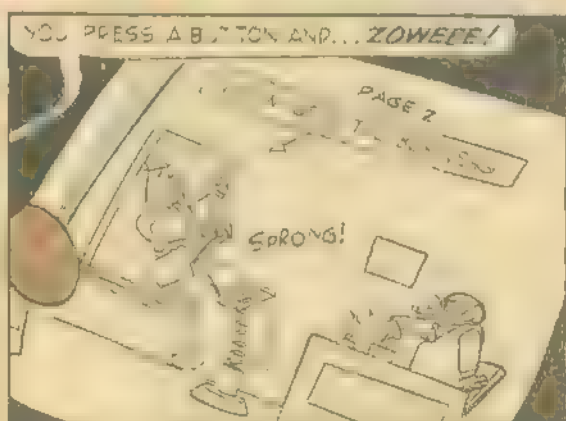
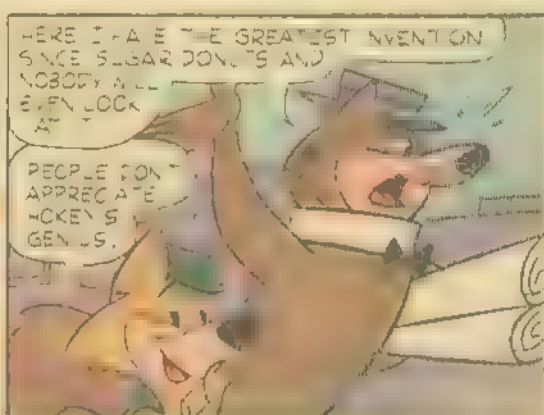
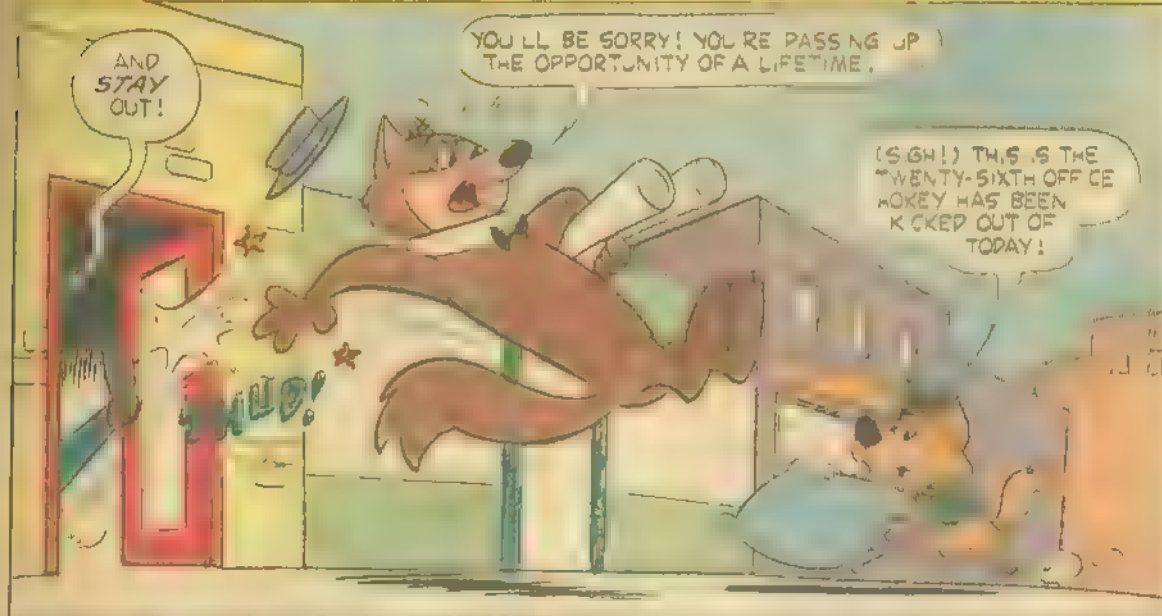
Packy quickly swerved and, ducking his head, plowed his way deep into the thickest thorn bush in his pathway. The thorns barely scratched his tough young hide, but the lion was unable to follow him.

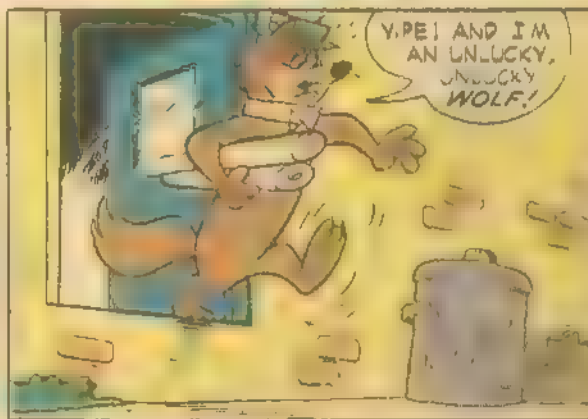
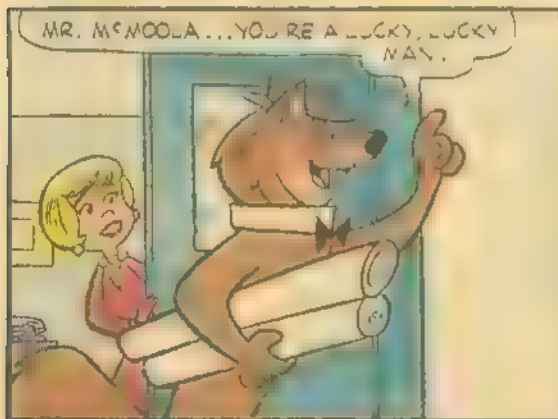
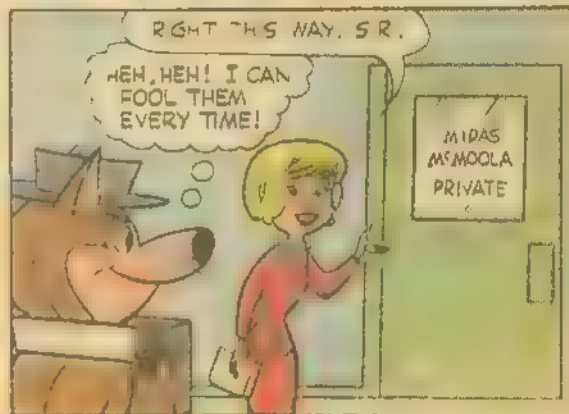
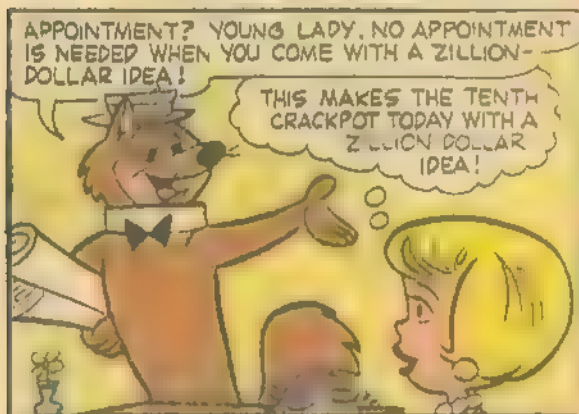
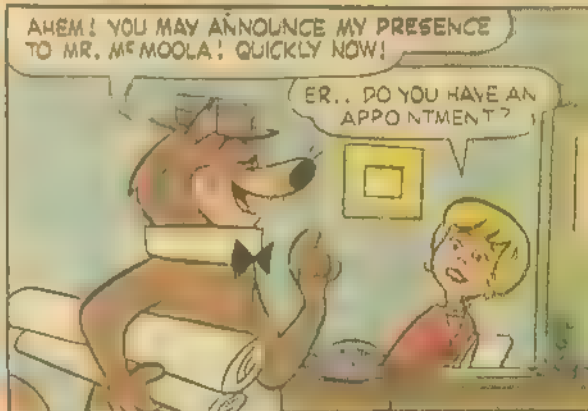
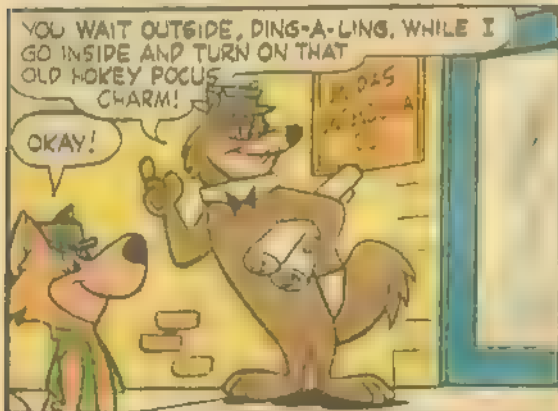
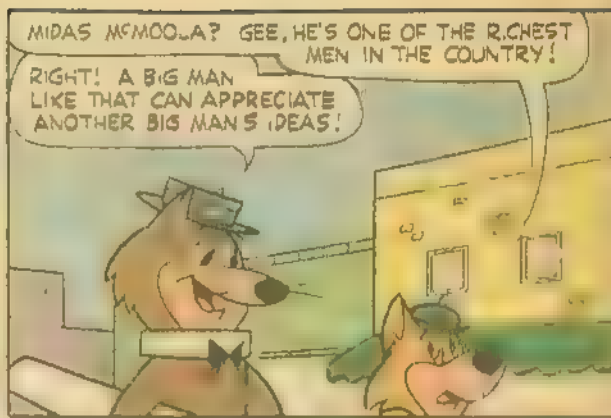
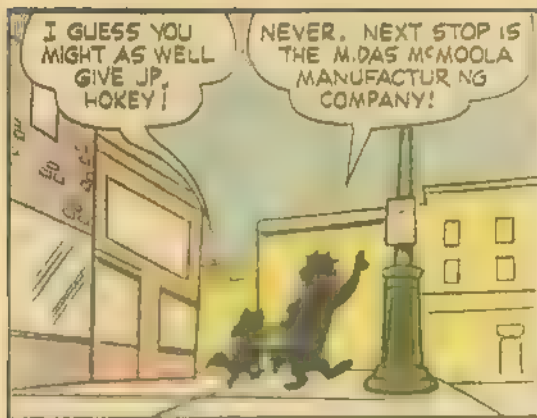
Some time later, when the lion had given up prowling around the bush and had stalked off to his lair, Packy ventured forth and hurried to join Gussie at their meeting place by the river.

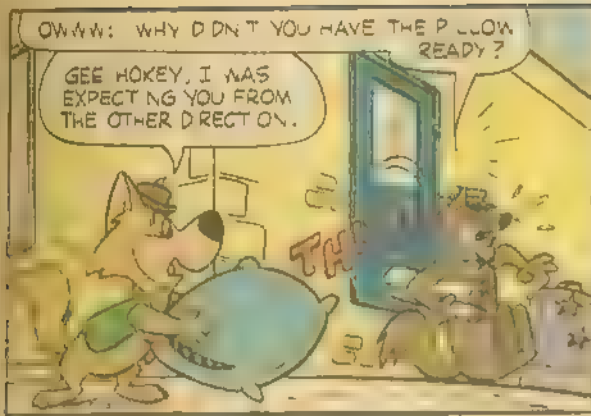
"I managed to get free all right," Gussie said, adding gratefully, "and it sure was brave of you to lead the lion away from me."

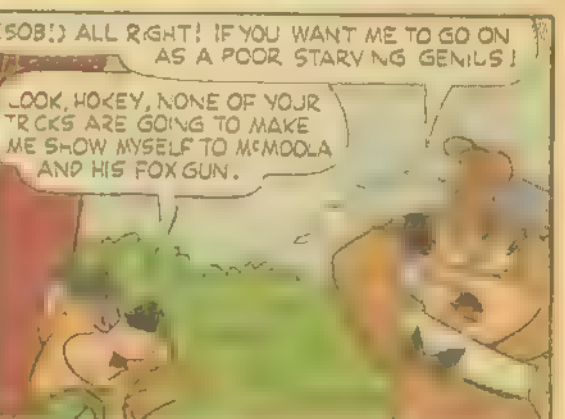
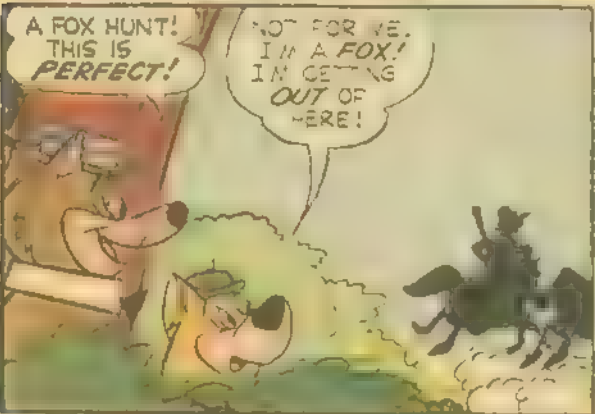
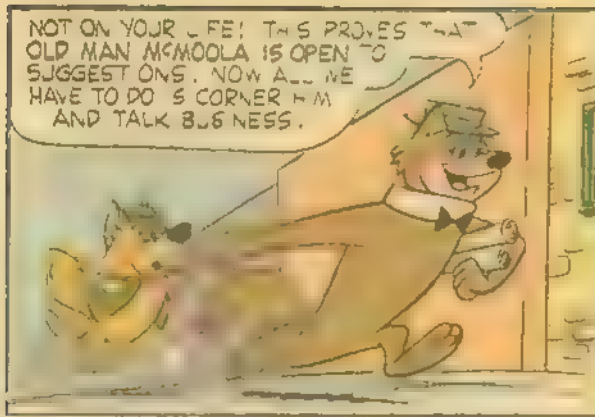
"Thanks," Packy trumpeted. "But I don't know whether I'd be so brave if that ever happens again. While I was leading the lion away from you, I remembered what I'd been trying to remember about lions. Mom warned me that a lion will attack baby elephants when they're away from the protection of mother elephants. I've learned a lesson today, one that even I won't ever forget!"

HOKEY and DING-A-LING THE PANIC BUTTON









BUT...

EGAD, WHAT EXTRAORDINARY LUCK!
THAT FOX ALMOST SEEMS TO BE
HAVING ME TO CHASE HIM!

SAD, BUT TRUE.



OOOPS. HE RAN INTO THAT CAVE
OH WELL, HE SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD
TO BAG INSIDE THERE!



HERE, LITTLE
FOX! HERE...
YIPE!

GOOD AFTERNOON,
MR MEMCOLA!



WELCOME TO THE HOKEY DEAF FACTORY.
RAATHER AN ODD LOCATION BUT I WORK
BETTER IN NATURAL SURROUNDINGS!



NOW I HAVE HERE SOME PLANS FOR A
REVOLUTIONARY INVENTION.



YIPE! SPEAKING OF REVOLUTIONS
I THINK MR MEMCOLA'S
STARTING ONE!



FORTUNATELY I HAVE ANOTHER SET OF PLANS.
NOW, AS I WAS SAYING

YOU NUMBSKULL!
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M
NOT INTERESTED?

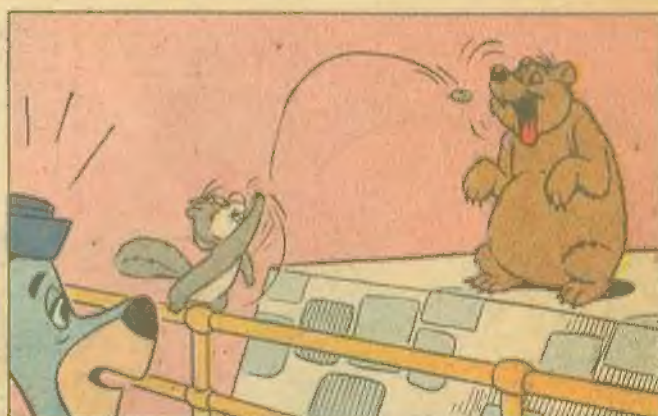
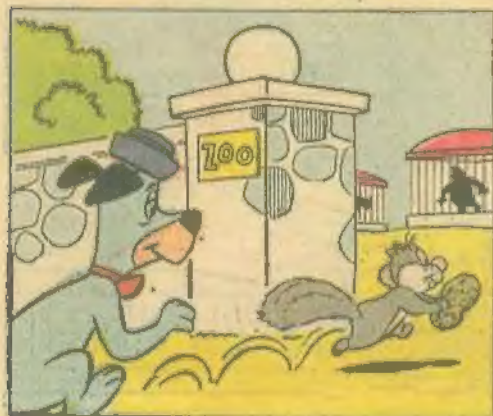






Huckleberry Hound

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Red
Ball

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Red
Ball

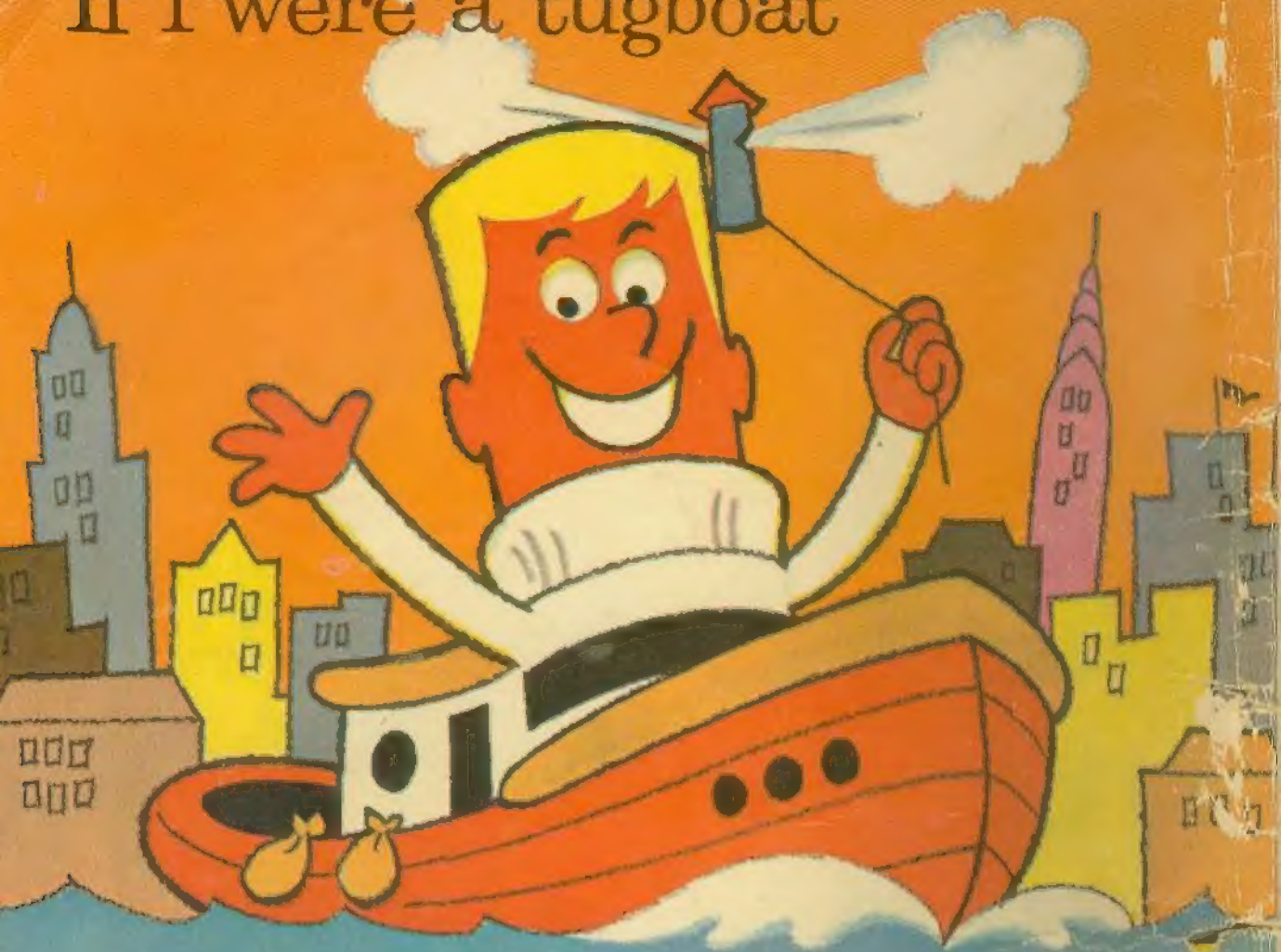
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By Ball-Sand, Michawaka, Ind.

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to buy you the big bag—you get
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like Kraft makes everything - and that's good!



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